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THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IN MOROCCO.

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I.

FEW people in the world really appreciate radical change, especially if radical change is forced upon them by foreigners in race, in language, and in religion. Yet, on the whole, the Moor of Morocco is meeting it in the same stolid spirit of disinterest as he bore the former persecutions of his own Sultans and Government. He accepts all as the will of God, but finds that he has now for the first time—I am speaking of the French Protectorate of Morocco—security of life and property. He dislikes all foreigners, but he acknowledges the improvement in his situation. He is richer, happier than he was. This he puts down to the merciful providence of God. In return he has to pay regular taxation, which he particularly dislikes, and that he puts down to the intervention of the French. He eases his conscience and takes advantage of the situation.

Yet gradual as the change is, much has already been accomplished. Only those who knew the country before and who know it now can realise the extent of what has been done. When the French bombarded Casablanca and thus opened the road to their occupation of the greater part of Morocco, they entered a closed house, tenanted by suspicion, fanaticism, and distrust. The country considered itself impregnable, and the people looked upon the "Christians" as a despised race, condemned by their religion, unwarlike by nature, and ridiculous in appearance. The Moor imagined that with a small Moslem army, aided by divine assistance, he could easily defeat all the "Christian" forces of the world. "Your shells and bullets will turn to water," they said, "for the Saints and Holy Men who protect us will never allow the infidel to invade our land. Storms will wreck your ships, and even should your soldiers land, a handful of our horsemen would suffice to drive them back into the sea." They really believed it.

What a change has come about since then, and it is only thirteen years ago that the bombardment of Casablanca took place! From time to time I accompanied the expedition that invaded the Chaouia and the highlands beyond it, when one by one the tribes gave way and acknowledged that those two French columns, advancing and ever advancing, were stronger than all the Saints in their tombs and than all

the Holy Men with their promises of victory. The Moor had to realise a fact. It was very difficult at first. It changed his whole aspect of life, his whole mentality. A few thousand Christians were conquering his country! And the two columns were as irresistible as the fact itself. He took refuge in the supreme solace of his religion, cried, "It is the will of God," laid his rifle aside, and either went back to the fields or enlisted in the French army.

Behind the show of force there was another and still more important factor at work. As district after district was occupied and the troops passed on, there sprang up a new organisation, a new administration that safeguarded the interests of the people, their lives, and their properties. They experienced, for the first time for centuries, security. The ever-present fear of death, confiscation, and imprisonment, under the shadow of which they had passed their whole lives, as had their parents and their ancestors before them, disappeared. The extortion of the "Kaids" ceased, or was greatly curtailed, and justice was obtainable.

In the introduction of civilisation the French have shown admirable tact. Their every act and thought has been influenced by a desire to ameliorate the condition of the people and to render them prosperous. They have built endless roads. They have opened hospitals and dispensaries, and everything has been avoided that could wound the religious susceptibilities of the people. They have had the experience of Algeria and Tunis. They have studied our action in Egypt. They have known what to adopt and what to avoid. They have maintained upon the throne a descendant of the ancient line of Sultans, and, governing in his name, they have been able to obtain an elasticity of administration which the codified laws of France could never have given, had a system of direct government been adopted. They have met with far less opposition than might have been expected. In fact the introduction of civilisation into Morocco, in times of great difficulty during the war, has been a fine example of the true spirit of pacification and progress. I, who have known Morocco for over thirty years, can bear witness that in the parts of the country occupied by France the improvement in the welfare of its people is immense. There is yet much to be done. Decades must pass before the work is complete, but I am convinced that the great policy inaugurated by General Lyautey in Morocco will be accepted in the future as the basis of government—to the mutual benefit of the "Protecting" and the "Protected."

Yet there are those who still talk of the "good old days" of Morocco before the French came to the country. That any one can regret that time is incredible. Only those who failed to see beneath the

surface—and how little surface there was to hide the facts—can possibly compare the two periods. The most that can be said against the French régime is that the native finds the introduction of regulations annoying. He has a regular tax to pay instead of suffering the extortion of his own authorities, as he did in the past. He dislikes regularity, and some Moors would probably prefer the uncertainty and gambling chances of the past to the uneventful prosperity of the present. It is true there was the risk of death, of confiscation, of imprisonment, but there was also the chance of loot and robbery, of acquiring a position by force or by bribery, and of being able in tolerable security to confiscate the property of others and put others in prison: and if in the end one died in prison oneself — well, it was God's will. The Moor is a gambler. He staked under that old régime not only his fortune but his life. Often he lost both; but sometimes he won, and it was the lives of others that were sacrificed and their properties that accrued till a great estate was built up, till palaces were built in all the capitals, till his slaves were legion and his women buzzed like a swarm of bees—and then one day the end came. If fate was kind, he died in possession of his estates—and they were confiscated on the day of his death; but more often he died in prison while his family starved. Meanwhile, nothing could be imagined more pitiable than was the lot of the country people, victims of robbery of every kind, for, from the Sultan to the village Sheikh, the whole Makhzen pillaged and lived on the poor. No man could call his soul his own. Thank God, the "good old days" are gone and done with.

I sometimes wonder whether, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, the state of affairs existing in Morocco, up to the date of the introduction of the French Protectorate in 1912, is fully realised.

While Mulai Hafid was Sultan, from 1908 to 1912, in which year he abdicated, the palace was the constant scene of barbarity and torture. The Sultan himself, neurasthenic, and addicted, it is said, to drugs, had his good and his bad days. There was no doubt that at first he meant to reform his country—or perhaps, more correctly, to save it from the encroaching intervention of France. He was possessed of a certain cunning intelligence and with an idea of government; but disappointment met him. Things had gone too far. Morocco was doomed. Finding all his attempts to preserve his country's independence futile, he gave way to temptations, and became cruel and avaricious.

Rebels taken in war—many no doubt were harmless tribesmen—had their hands and feet cut off. Twenty-six were thus tortured at Fez in one day. Twenty-five succumbed, mostly

to gangrene, for though the European doctors in Fez implored the Sultan to be allowed to attend them, Mulai Hafid refused. Publicly the butchers cut and hacked from each of these unfortunate men a hand and a foot, treating the stumps with pitch. The one survivor of that particular batch is living to-day.

Earlier in his reign—in 1909—Mulai Hafid became jealous of a young Shereef, Sid Mohamed el-Kittani, a member of a great family, who, having taken to a religious life, had gathered round him a group of cultured men and founded a sect. People spoke much of him; his popularity and reputation were great. From the precincts of the palace the Sultan followed his every movement, and spies reported his every word, but no excuse could be found for his arrest. But Mulai Hafid was determined that he must be got rid of. He let the young Shereef understand that he was in danger, that the Sultan meant to arrest him, and, influenced by a spy, the young man was persuaded to abandon Fez. He fled by night—straight into the trap. He was allowed to reach the Beni Mtir tribe-lands, and there he was arrested. Meanwhile the report was spread that he had tried to get himself proclaimed Sultan, and evidence to this effect was easily produced. He was brought back to Fez—I saw him brought a prisoner into the palace—and in the presence of Mulai Hafid he was flogged. Blow after blow from knotted leathern cords was rained upon his back and legs till, life almost extinct, he was carried away and thrown into a prison in the palace. He was not even allowed to have his wounds tended. He lived for a few days only, and the slaves who washed his dead body for burial told me that the linen of his shirt had been beaten so deeply into his flesh, which had closed in hideous sores over it, that they had merely cut the more exposed parts of the evil blood-stained rags away and left the rest.

Perhaps the most tragic of the tortures perpetrated by Mulai Hafid were upon the family of the Basha Haj ben Aissa, the Governor of Fez, a man whose reputation was certainly no worse than that of the majority of Moorish officials and very much better than that of many.

Believing that he was very rich, Mulai Hafid had the Governor arrested and thrown into prison, with several members of his family. The usual floggings and privations took place, and Haj ben Aissa surrendered all his properties to the Sultan. But Mulai Hafid was not satisfied. He believed in the existence of a great fortune in money. As a matter of fact, the Governor of Fez had been a keen agriculturist and had invested all his gains—licit and illicit—in land, but nothing could persuade the Sultan that this was the fact. He gave orders that the fortune was to be found: and thus fresh privations and more floggings, but all to no

avail. Then the women were arrested, amongst them the aristocratic wife of the Governor of Fez, a lady of good family and high position. It was thought that she would know and disclose the hidden treasure. She was tortured, but disclosed nothing, because there was nothing to disclose.

The whole of this story came to my knowledge, and the barbarity of the Sultan's proceedings determined me to let the world know what was passing. The evidence I had was legally slight, but I determined to see it through. The Sultan denied, threatened, and denied again, but the repeated efforts of 'The Times' were sufficient to move even the Foreign Office, and it was decided that some action must be taken. The late Sir Reginald Lister was British Minister at that time, and his encouragement and help assisted me in my campaign. At long length the British Government decided to ask the Sultan to produce the lady—as no other proof would be sufficient to persuade them that great cruelties had not been perpetrated. The French Government stood side by side with our own in the interests of humanity. The Sultan agreed willingly, but failed to produce the lady. The energy of Mr M'Leod, the British Consul at Fez, was untiring. At length, driven by the force of circumstances, the Sultan allowed the Basha's wife to be visited by two English lady medical missionaries, accompanied by the wife of a French doctor. They saw her in the recesses of the palace, and in spite of protestations and threats on the part of the slaves, they insisted on examining her. Her crippled body and the terrible scars of recent wounds amply justified their action. The Sultan had lied throughout. The woman had been cruelly tortured.

With that humane spirit which he has shown throughout his whole life, Sid el Haj Mohamed el-Mokri, who was Grand Vizier then and to-day so ably fills the same post, took the injured wife of the Governor of Fez into his own house, where she received all the medical assistance of which she stood in need, and all the kindness of the Vizier's womenkind.

I have two letters referring to this incident which I value. One is from Mr J. M. M'Leod, C.M.G., then British Consul at Fez, dated 28th July 1910, in which he writes to me to tell me that the surviving members of Haj Ben Aissa's family had been to see him for the purpose of asking him to let me know how grateful they were for the "great efforts I had made on their behalf, which had been an immense solace to them." The second is a letter from the British Minister, Sir Reginald Lister, dated 22nd February, from the Dolomites, in which he says: "I write first and above all to congratulate you on your triumph in the matter of the tortures." After all, my part had been small. It was the publicity that 'The Times' gave to my telegrams and messages that obtained the success. Two years afterwards, when circumstances

had brought Mulai Hafid and myself together again, I asked him to explain his action. He told me that he knew the woman had been tortured—she was not the only one—but that he personally had not intended it. He said that when he had been informed that Haj ben Aissa's fortune could not be found, he had ordered the arrest of his womenkind. A little later he was told the women "wouldn't speak," and he acknowledged that he had replied, "They must be made to speak." Such words from such a source were taken to mean one thing and one thing alone—torture; and they were tortured.

Of the end of Bou Hamara I have written elsewhere,—his long confinement in a small cage—his being thrown to the lions in the presence of the Sultan's women—and eventually his being shot after the savage beasts had mangled and torn his arms.

Those were the "good old days."

II.

It was not only in the palace that there was cruelty. In every Governor's Kasba, deep in damp dungeons—as often as not holes scooped in the earth for storing grain—there lay and pined those who had committed, or not committed, as as the case might be, some crime; and still more often, those who were rich enough to be squeezed. In suffering and in darkness, receiving just sufficient nourishment to support life, men were known to have existed for years, to emerge again long after their relations had given up all hope of seeing them. But there was always a chance—a chance that the Governor might die or fall into disgrace; and then the dungeons in his castle would be opened and the wrecks of his prisoners be released. And what prisons, what horrors of prisons, they were, even those above ground and reserved for the ordinary class of criminal. Chained neck to neck, with heavy shackles on their legs, they sat or lay in filth, and often the cruel iron collars were only undone to take away a corpse. The prisons in the towns were bad enough, but those of the country Kasbas were far worse. Mulai Abdul Aziz, who reigned from 1894 till 1908, and who still lives at Tangier, deserves at least some credit, for at one period of his reign he put the prisons of Fez in order. They were largely restored, a water supply was added, and they became less hideous than they had been before; but gradually the old system crept back again, and the improvements lasted only a little while. With all the good intentions in the world, a Sultan of those days could not break down the traditions and corruption of his surroundings.

Amongst the great Berber chieftains of the Atlas, life was even harder, but at all events there was not the same per-

secution and squeezing as existed in the plains and richer districts. The more than semi-independence of the Berbers freed them from the perpetual exactions of the Makhzen, though by no means from the extortion of their own chiefs. Yet the very climate, the hardships of life in those inhospitable peaks, the constant warfare in which the tribes were engaged with one another, made men of them, and all the traditions of their race were democratic. But if the same oppression for the sake of extorting money did not exist, their treatment of prisoners taken in war whose lives were not forfeited, or of those held as hostages, was harsh enough. They, too, the great Berber Kaids, had their castles and their dungeons, and the latter were seldom empty. The whole life in those great Atlas fortified Kasbas was one of warfare and of gloom. Every tribe had its enemies, every family had its blood-feuds, and every man his would-be murderer. Since quite my early years in Morocco I have visited these far-away castles, and with many of the Berber Kaids I enjoy to-day a friendship that has lasted over many years. With the family of the Kaids of Glaoua I have long been on intimate terms. When I first knew them Sid Madani Glaoui was merely the Governor of the Glaoua tribe, and his younger brother Sid Thami—a youth then—held no official position. Remarkable for their skill in warfare, and for their ability in tribal diplomacy, the members of the Glaoua family seldom left the high mountain peaks, except to pay periodical visits to Marrakesh, three days' journey from their home. Their Kasba at Teluet, the grandest of all the Atlas fortresses, is situated over 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Such ability did these young brothers possess, that it was not difficult to foresee that they must be destined to play a rôle in the history of Morocco. They began by consolidating their power in the Atlas, both by diplomacy and by a series of little wars in which they surpassed themselves in feats of arms, and in which both were repeatedly wounded. As Commander-in-Chief of the Shereefian forces the elder was employed by Mulai Abdul Aziz in his wars against the Rif tribes. Meanwhile the Glaoua faction in the south was becoming all-powerful, and when Mulai Hafid in 1908 unfurled the standard of revolt against his brother, the Glaoui chiefs supported him. Without them his cause must have failed at once. Madani became his Minister of War, and then his Grand Vizier; his brother, Haj Thami, was appointed Governor of Marrakesh and the surrounding tribes. Capable in the art of native government, they were equally capable in the management of their own affairs. Their estates—the most extensive of any except, perhaps, the Sultan's Makhzen properties—were admirably worked and conducted, and vast revenues flowed in. At the moment when the French Protectorate was declared, both these able

men threw in their lot with France, and have served her loyally. Intelligent, realising for years past that the end of the independence of Morocco might be staved off for a short period but was eventually inevitable, the Glaoui brothers had never disguised their preference for reform and their desire for the opening up of Morocco wealth. The Berber race possesses not only a keenness of intellect but also an activity that is wanting in the other inhabitants of Morocco. Roads, railways, machinery pleases them, and they are eager for their introduction. Their mentality is European and not African.

Madani Glaoui died two years ago, a man who was really regretted—not only by the French, to whom he rendered great services, but also by the natives. He was one of the greatest, the richest, and the most generous of Berber chiefs, a man of delightful manners and much learning. His brother, Haj Thami, still a comparatively young man, is to-day Basha of Marrakesh. He lives a simple life in the midst of much splendour, and spends all the hours that he can spare from his official duties in visiting his estates or in handling and reading his wonderful collection of Arabic manuscripts. On one of my visits to their Kasba at Tuelet —I think in the year 1901— I allowed myself to be persuaded to stay on and on, though I ought already to have been on my way toward the coast. First it had been Kaid Madani who had asked me to remain another day, then one or other of his brothers or cousins, and so on. Every morning I prepared to start, and every time I was begged to stay. At last I really expected to be allowed to leave; but I was led out into a great courtyard, overlooked by the frowning walls of the Kasba. On the terraced roofs were gathered a multitude of veiled women. My host, bidding me look up, said: "To-day it is our womenfolk who beg you to stay," and with a loud cry the women uttered their welcome. The Berbers are less strict about womenkind, and I often conversed with elderly ladies of the Glaoua family. On asking one of these personages— she was a very near relation to Sid Madani — why it was the women of the Kasba desired me to prolong my stay, she replied: "Because, since you have been here, there has been a truce to war and to feud. Our sons and our sons' sons are in safety. Before you came no one ever laughed in the Kasba, for the men think only of war, and we women only of death; but for a fortnight now we have laughed and sung—having no fear. But when you go the truce will end, and all our laughter will cease." It made one realise life in the Kasba of Teluet.

When Sid Madani Glaoui was at Fez as Grand Vizier during the reign of Mulai Hafid, he had only a few of his very numerous children with him. Amongst these few was

a favourite son by a black slave woman. He was about twelve years of age, very dark, but of a remarkable vivacity and intelligence, and most amusing. Unfortunately this temperament had its disadvantages, and his conduct for his age was disgraceful. He had already indulged in the wildest life. His father had sent him to the French school, but it was only on the rarest occasions that he ever turned up there. No matter how many of the Vizier's retainers took him to the door, he invariably by some means or other escaped—and spent his days in far less eligible society elsewhere. At last things became so bad that the schoolmaster insisted on complaining personally to his father: the boy was summoned into his presence, and was asked why he played truant. He denied it—to the surprise of both. He insisted that he attended school regularly, and that it was only because the schoolmaster disliked him that this accusation was made against him. The schoolmaster continued naturally to contradict the boy, who at last said, "Well, I can prove it. If I hadn't attended school I couldn't speak French. Examine me." Hurriedly one of the Vizier's Algerian retinue was called, and asked to address the boy in French. He did so, and the black imp replied with the facility almost of a Parisian, but it wasn't the French that schoolboys ought to learn. The expressions and words he used made the schoolmaster's hair stand on end, but undoubtedly he spoke French, and with a fluency that was appalling. It was not in a school for the "sons of gentlemen" that he had learned it—nor in a school for the "daughters of ladies" either—but in a French *café chantant*, as it called itself, which had recently been installed in the Jews' quarter of the city.

III.

The Jews of Morocco are a race apart. There are two distinct branches—the descendants of the original Berber Jews of the country, and the descendants of the Jews who migrated from Spain, mostly in the fifteenth century. While the latter have preserved Spanish as their native tongue, the former use the Shelha (Berber) or Arabic languages, according to the part of Morocco they inhabit. The type, as might be expected, is very different, and it is often difficult, and at times impossible, to distinguish between the Israelites of the Atlas and the neighbouring Moslem Berber tribesmen. They even dress alike, except for the small black cap which is common to the Jewish tribes. The origin of these indigenous Jews is unknown, but their presence in Morocco is of great antiquity. A tradition exists that they were driven out of Palestine by Joshua the son of

Nun, but it seems more probable that they were native Berbers converted at some very early period from paganism.

These original Jews inhabit the interior of the country, mostly in the towns, though many are scattered amongst the tribes. They live alone, and regard the more educated Jews of Spanish origin as leaning toward unorthodoxy, if not actually unorthodox. The circumstances in which they pass their existence amongst proud and fanatical Moslem tribesmen have naturally given to the native Jews none of the facilities nor the incentives for progress. In the case of the Jews of Spanish descent there has been a remarkable movement during the last fifty years. They have seized upon every form and kind of education in order to increase their social welfare. Schools have been built, professors from Europe engaged, and all this has been accomplished almost entirely from funds locally subscribed. The "Alliance Israélite" has largely found the personnel of the schools, but the wave of education has been the work of the intelligent Jews themselves. No sacrifice has been too great, no effort too vast, with the result to-day that there is scarcely a Jew in the coast towns of Morocco who does not speak and read and write at least two languages, while the majority speak three. These Jews of Spanish origin share with their co-religionists of the East the title of "Sephardim." When they were exiled, after a period of cruel persecution, from Spain they sought refuge in Morocco. They were already an educated and civilised race, in learning and the arts far ahead of the majority of Spaniards amongst whom they were no longer permitted to live. On their arrival in Morocco they found the Jews of Berber origin living in a position of inferiority such as it would be quite impossible for them to accept. They therefore negotiated with the Sultan an "Ordinance" as to the status they might hold in the country, which at the same time laid down certain rules for the guidance of their own conduct, lest life amongst their more ignorant native co-religionists might cause them to abandon some of their more civilised and civilising tenets. This "Ordinance" is still adhered to, and is known to the "Sephardim" as the "Decanot." It contains, amongst many other clauses, rules as to marriage contracts and on the question of succession of property.

The "Sephardim" of Morocco are a remarkable people, who have rendered, and are rendering great services to the country. Hard-working, intelligent, keen business men and capable organisers, the Spanish Jews of Morocco have progressed in civilisation, in education, and in fortune in a manner that is highly commendable.

But long before the modern "renaissance," the "Sephardim" Jews of Morocco, in spite of the great difficulties and drawbacks under which they

existed, had gained for themselves a position in Morocco. They had become, as bankers and money-lenders, indispensable to the country, while they filled also many other professions. The tailors, jewellers, tent-makers, and metal-workers were practically all Jews. The "Mellah," as their quarter is called, was the centre of trade. In their shops there was nothing too small to be bought,—I have seen boxes of wax matches split up and sold by the half-dozen,—while the same shopman, or perhaps his brother, would lead you to his house, and in an upper chamber, with the door locked, offer you a string of pearls or a great cabuchon emerald, or a diamond the size of a shilling.

In many ways their position, persecuted though they were as a race, was preferable to that of the Moslem. They had their own laws, administered by their Rabbis. Their taxation was collected apart by their own people, and paid in a sort of offering to the Sultan. They were squeezed of course, and now and again their quarter was pillaged, but there was never the individual danger of persecution such as the Moslem was at all times liable to. They were able almost at any time to gain access to the authorities, and even to the Sultans, who, in their conversation with the many Jews and Jewesses who worked—as tent-makers and tailors—in the palace, were far more intimate and affable than with their own people. Both Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid had personal friends amongst the Fez and Marrakesh Jews, with whom they were on terms of considerable intimacy. The result was that the Jews of Morocco as a race were far more often able, through their friendships at Court and with the Viziers, to obtain justice for their wrongs than were their Moslem neighbours, and even in the country districts a Jewish trader was feared. He would be mocked at perhaps, or sometimes a little bullied, but seldom really ill-treated. An example of the fear in which the Jews were held came to my personal knowledge during my travels many years ago. A Jew, travelling alone from country market to country market, was murdered and his little stock-in-trade and his few dollars were robbed. The murder took place in the thickly populated Gharb district, between two of the most important markets, during the early hours of the night. I knew the man well, and he was a constant visitor of the "souks." For a day or two nothing was known except that he was no longer seen at the markets. He might, it is true, have gone back to Alcazar, his native town, to replenish his stock, but it seemed more probable that he had been done to death. His body, however, was not found, though on those level plains, thick with tent and hut villages, it would be difficult to hide it. All that could be said for certain was that he had disappeared.

Now what had happened was this. The murderers, having robbed the body, laid it

by night just outside a neighbouring village. At dawn the villagers found it, and terrified of being accused of murdering a Jew, they concealed the corpse till night, when stealthily they carried it away and laid it on the outskirts of another village. Here again the same manœuvre was practised, and day by day and night by night the body was concealed and carried on. It mattered little that in time the state of the corpse would have clearly demonstrated that the murder had taken place already some time back. It would have been sufficient evidence of guilt merely for it to have been found near a village, no matter how decomposed. The inevitable punishment would have been severe—imprisonments and confiscations—for the innocent villagers. Had the murdered man been a Moslem little heed would have been taken, but the murder of a Jew was far more serious. The matter reached my ears, for the inhabitants of a village confided in me that they had found the body that morning, and that owing to death having occurred some weeks before, its transport to another village was a matter of extreme difficulty. I intervened, and notified the discovery to the authorities, and the villagers did not suffer.

The business instinct is naturally very strong amongst the Morocco Jews. Their existence has always been a struggle in the past, and life has been hard. One of the many friends I have amongst the race told with a delightful sense of humour an anecdote of his early childhood. He had just begun to study in Hebrew the details of his faith, and his soul was aflame with the idea that the promised Messiah might come at any moment. Bidding good-night to his parents and his relatives, he whispered to his old grandmother, a lady of great influence in the family, "Do you think the Messiah will come to-night?" She patted his head gently and said, "Don't worry, my dear, about that. He will come in his own day. Learn to add up—learn to add up." She was a practical old lady, and her grandson followed her advice. He is to-day the leader of the Jewish community in one of the most important towns in Morocco, an honourable and wealthy man, of great generosity, and of unswerving devotion to the interests of his people.

The Jews keep very strictly to the letter of the law; and though I have every respect for devotion, I once was really very seriously annoyed by the rigid adherence of an elderly Israelite to his commandments.

I was camping in the Gharb province in winter. The rain was falling in torrents and the ground deep in mud. During dinner a Jewish youth arrived, and bursting into my tent, began to cry. As soon as he could make himself intelligible he stated that his father, who was camping in a neighbouring village, was very ill. He had heard of the arrival of a "Christian," and begged me

to go and see him. I went, my men accompanying me with lanterns. It was a long walk, and it was raining cats and dogs; but at length we arrived where the camp of the Jews was pitched—a couple of big tents such as the travelling Jewish trader always uses. Everything was in darkness. I was welcomed, by the light of my own lanterns, by the youth's father, who, surrounded by his bales of cloth and cotton goods, seemed the picture of health. After the usual compliments I asked what I could do.

It was Friday night, and therefore the Jews had already entered upon their Sabbath. With many apologies the merchant informed me that the wind had put their lanterns out, and as it was the Sabbath they were not permitted to strike matches, so they could not relight them. The Moors—infidels, he called them—had refused to help them, and so he had been obliged to trouble me!—and I had walked a couple of miles through deep mud, late at night, in torrents of rain—to strike a match!

I struck it, and I pride myself it was the only thing I did strike. I left him with his lanterns alight, but I made him tip my men so generously for their long and tiring walk that he would probably prefer in the future to spend weeks in darkness rather than risk disturbing another Christian.

IV.

A Moslem family that suffered many vicissitudes was that of a former Governor of Oulad Sifian in the Gharb. Haj Bouselham er-Remoush was at one time a great man. He owed his appointment to friends—and to bribery—at Court, and quickly became an influential and wealthy personage. As a matter of fact, he was not, as Moorish Kaids go, a bad Governor. Extortion he naturally practised, and his prisons were full; but the tribe he governed did not inordinately complain, which meant that he must have had some good points. Those good points certainly weren't his sons. The elder, who was deputy-Governor, was a thorough rascal. A fine horseman, always beautifully dressed, he was to outward appearances an attractive personality; but he drank copiously, and no good-looking woman or girl in his jurisdiction was safe from his attentions. He was still almost a youth when the crash came. There had been complaints to the Sultan of his licentiousness, and consequently the father was heavily "squeezed" from Court, and his fortune could not stand the pressure. When the Viziers extracted all he had to give, a band of troops arrived and arrested all the male members of the family, while the soldiers spent the following day or two in his harem. His house was

torn down stone by stone in the search for treasure, and the Kaid and his two elder sons were sent in chains to Marrakesh. His home became a ruin and his gardens were destroyed. Still to-day, in the midst of a tangle of "prickly pear," one sees the remains of what was once the important residence.

Haj Bouselham, an elderly man, accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth, succumbed quickly to the horrors of the Marrakesh prison. His eldest son died soon afterwards. The third, still a boy, was released. Some few years afterwards, riding across the hill-tops near Wazzan, a shepherd in charge of a flock of goats spoke to me. "You do not recognise me," he said; "I am Mohamed, the son of Haj Bouselham er-Remoush." I asked him to tell me his history. Released from prison, penniless of course, he had taken refuge with his mother's people, who had suffered too in the general confiscation that had succeeded his father's fall. He was now a goatherd—and only a few years before how often I had seen him mounted on one or other of his fine horses, on a saddle embroidered in gold and surrounded by his slaves.

A few years later I met him again. His luck had turned. Part of his confiscated property had been acquired again, and he was a well-to-do young tribesman in a prosperous way. To-day, under a benigner rule, he is an important landowner and farmer and once more rides fine horses.

As a rule families held together for better or for worse. Their safety depended upon their cohesion and on their numbers. The moment a man was made Kaid he collected all his brothers and his uncles and his cousins and installed them round him. He exempted them from taxation, and let them rob. It was the numerical strength of his retainers as much as his prestige that kept him immune from murder and revolt. Yet sometimes the families were split up, and then woe betide them.

Some thirty years ago, on the death of one of the great southern Kaids, his eldest son hurried to the Sultan's Court with mules laden with money, to buy his succession to his father's post. There was a younger son who still was allowed in the women's quarters, and whose mother had been the old Kaid's favourite wife, and she had remained up to the time of his death his confidante. She knew well enough what would be her fate should the elder son succeed in buying the succession—that she and her boy would be driven out to starve, even if the youth was not murdered, for the feud between the members of the family was a deadly one. She held one trump-card—almost always the winning card in Morocco. She, and she alone, knew where the dead Kaid's secret fortune was hidden. Under the charge of some of her relations she hurried her son to the Court. He arrived to find that his half-brother was already nominated to the kaidship, and had left to

return to his tribe that very morning. Not a moment was to be lost. The youth and his advisers sought the Grand Vizier and asked how much the brother had paid for his succession. The sum was named, whereupon the younger brother offered a still greater amount in return for a letter from the Sultan appointing him to the post, with imperial authority to take such steps as he might think necessary in order to dispossess his brother. The bargain was quickly struck, and with a strong body of cavalry placed at his disposal by the Sultan he set out in pursuit. They met outside the Kasba walls, and, overpowered by the troops, the elder son of the old Kaid was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon in the castle. Needless to say he never emerged alive. The soldiers remained a few days, and returned to the Sultan bearing the promised price of office, for the son had dug up, from under a great fountain-basin in the courtyard of the Kasba, the buried treasure of his father.

There was no crime that the Makhzen would not commit for money. The Sultans not unseldom carried out their own bargains. Mulai Hafid had, rightly, little confidence in his entourage—it was a mutual sentiment—and there was no financial transaction, however doubtful its morality, that he would not personally undertake, and nearly always with success.

The whole atmosphere of the palace was permeated with extortion. The Sultans never hesitated playfully—but definitely—to take possession of any article that took their fancy, if the owner were on any but the most formal terms. Over and over again I was the victim of these petty thefts—pocket-books, sleeve-links, necktie-pins. One soon learned to take nothing of value with one into the precincts of the Court. It must not be thought that presents were given in return, for it was rare indeed that any Sultan gave away anything. Now and then they were generous with some one else's property, and even that was rare. Visits to the Court of Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid were expensive. There were many who thought that the few lucky persons to whom those closely-shut gates were opened were making their fortunes. Some were—those who had goods for sale; but those who, like myself, were casual visitors, paid dearly enough for their privilege of the *entrée*. One of the commonest forms of robbery was this. On arriving at the palace gates one's horse was taken possession of by the black slaves. On emerging later on from the precincts of the palace the slaves were there but the horse invisible. Protests and threats were of no avail—a payment, and often a heavy one, had to be made in order to get it back. At one time my audiences with Mulai Hafid, who was then at Fez, were of almost daily occurrence, and this form of extortion became so expensive

that eventually I "struck," for it often cost me from £2 to £3 to get my horse back. On one occasion I lost my temper and cursed the slaves. Failing to obtain any redress, I returned in a justified burst of rage and complained to the Grand Vizier. The Sultan overheard me and I was summoned to his presence, where I spoke equally forcibly. I told him that in Europe people paid gate-money to go and see monstrosities in side-shows — fat women and tattooed men — but that I wasn't going to be robbed in this perfectly unjustifiable and wholesale way each time I came to see him. It was he, I added, who sent for me. As for myself, I was indifferent to these interviews, and was quite prepared not to come again if affairs were not put right. The Sultan soothed my injured spirits—spoke a little of kindness and charity, and finished up by saying, "You mustn't judge them too hardly. You see, none of them receive any wages, and they live on what they make. However, I will have them punished, so that they won't worry you again," and he ordered the Grand Vizier to have them flogged. Of course I intervened, knowing what these floggings often were, but I needn't have troubled. They were flogged, but it was only a pretence—half a dozen blows each that would scarcely have hurt a small child. On reaching the door of the palace a few minutes later my horse had disappeared again! It had been taken by the slaves who had administered the bastinado, and who now demanded payment for the punishment they had inflicted on their fellow-slaves for an exactly similar offence. There was nothing to be done. I paid.

It is all so different nowadays at the palace. The traditional and historical etiquette is strictly followed on all state occasions, but the organising hand is felt. The slaves and soldiers are beautifully dressed. The Court officials, in their long white robes, are politeness itself, and an official reception by the present Sultan at his palace is a sight worth seeing. In the outer courtyards are his black guards in scarlet and gold, cavalry and infantry, and his band of musicians in their *kaftans* of rainbow colours; and the long corridors are filled with the palace attendants. In the throne-room, seated on a divan, the Sultan receives his guests—an intelligent affable host. It is true the "surprises" are gone—but the rest remains—even to the lions that roar in their cages in a corner of the inner garden. The palaces are the same, but swept and cleaned and garnished, for in the old days only the portion of the great buildings actually inhabited by the Sultan was kept in repair. I visited the palaces at Fez and Marrakesh soon after the abdication of Mulai Hafid. I had already seen certain parts of them, but the presence of hundreds of women under the old régime — many the widows

and slaves and descendants of dead Sultans—prevented one visiting many of the courtyards and buildings. On the advent of the new régime other arrangements were made for these palace pensioners, much to their advantage, and the restoration of the palaces was undertaken. But there was much past restoring: courtyard after courtyard where the ceilings of the rooms had fallen in, and where it was literally unsafe to walk. The impression that the ensemble gave one was that, with the exception of some of the oldest and some of the most modern parts, the Sultans had been terribly "done" by their builders and the men responsible for the upkeep. No doubt this always was so. The Court functionaries and the Viziers demanded and received commissions—and what commissions!—on all the work done at the palaces. As a rule the decoration in the palaces is no better than that existing in the splendid private residences of Fez and Marrakesh, and the workmanship is often distinctly inferior. The greater parts of the existing palaces were constructed by Mulai Hassen, the grandfather of the present Sultan, Mulai Yussef, who died in 1894. He must have destroyed, in order to raise these acres and acres of buildings, much of what existed previously. Of the palaces of former dynasties nothing but the merest ruins remains—a few walls at Fez of the palace of the Merinides, and at Marrakesh the great walls and enclosure of what must have been the finest of all Moroccan buildings, the palace of the Saadien Sultans, whose dynasty came to an end in the seventeenth century. Their mausoleum, dating from the sixteenth century, the most beautiful building in Morocco, still remains intact as an example of perfect Moorish art, and there is no doubt, from descriptions still extant, that the neighbouring palace was of unparalleled beauty and magnificence. The ground-plan of its great courtyard, with its immense water-tanks and its fountains, can still be clearly traced, while at one end, facing a long straight tiled walk, between two of the great basins, are the ruins of the Sultan's audience-chamber, a vast square room. The walls are still standing, but the roof has fallen long ago. The description of this palace in the days of its glory reads like a page from the 'Thousand and One Nights.' What had taken a century to build was destroyed in a day. The Saadien dynasty fell, and the cruel despot Mulai Ismail seized the throne. His first act was to order the destruction of this famous palace of his predecessors, and the great building was looted by the soldiery and the crowd. Many of the old houses in Marrakesh to-day have doorsteps formed of small columns, or parts of larger ones, of rare marbles—the remnants of the colonnades that once decked this magnificent palace of the most intellectual and civilised dynasty that Morocco ever boasted.

V.

Perhaps the most noticeable change that has come about in Morocco is in the attitude of the people to medical and surgical aid. The Moor was often ready in the past to accept the assistance of European doctors, and had a certain faith in their medicines, but the opportunities were few. The Medical Missions at Fez and Marrakesh were well attended and rendered great services, and the doctors attached to the Sultan's Court had a certain clientele. As a rule the native's faith was half-hearted, sufficient to accept medicines if given free, but rarely of the kind that would pay a fee. Often, too, the medicine was not taken, and secretly in his inmost heart the patient had sometimes far more faith in the good that might accrue from the presence of the doctor than from the remedies he recommended. A short time since I experienced a good example of this. A Moor, a neighbour of mine, was very ill with typhus fever, and at my recommendation his womenfolk summoned an excellent doctor to attend him. I always accompanied the doctor on his visits. The man was desperately ill. The doctor and I carefully explained to the women how his medicines should be taken, and they apparently followed our advice to the letter. But one day, arriving unexpectedly at the house at the hour in which the patient should have taken his medicine, I saw his wife carefully measure the dose into the glass and deliberately pour it away. I remained concealed for a few moments and then made my presence known. I asked if the man had had his medicine. Holding up the bottle, and pointing to the diminution in its contents, the woman replied, "Yes, he has just taken it." I told the woman that I had seen her throw it away. She showed little or no confusion, but said, "The doctor's presence is sufficient without his drugs. His knowledge is what is useful—who knows what his drugs contain?" I have experienced many similar cases, one that was so absurd that it is worth repeating. Happening to meet an old native who had a terrible sore on the calf of one of his legs, I asked him if he would go as an out-patient to the hospital to have it treated. He willingly assented, and I wrote on a visiting-card a line to the doctor in charge. The man took the card and went his way. A day or two later I met him—his leg was bound up with a filthy rag. I asked him if he had been to the hospital. "No," he replied, "there was no need. My leg is already better." I insisted on seeing the sore. Under the reeking bandage, bound across the open wound, was my visiting-card! I asked the man why he had put it there. "Your kindness," he said, "and the knowledge of the doctor to whom it was ad-

dressed is sufficient cure, so I applied the card to the sore. It is better already." It wasn't. If anything it was distinctly worse, so I took the old man by force and walked him up to the hospital myself, where he was treated. Finding almost instant relief from pain, he followed the doctor's advice, and continued his visits until his leg was healed. I attempted to show him the folly of his own idea of cure, but he would only reply: "Your card was sufficient. It would have got well just the same if you had allowed me to leave it there."

The women were, and are still, the most difficult. But even in their case a great change has come about, and the Medical Mission to women at Fez, so admirably conducted by two estimable English—or rather Irish—ladies has rendered immense service. It is curious that it is at Fez, the most fanatical of all the Moroccan cities, that the most headway has been made in this women's medical work. Elsewhere there has been a considerable measure of success, but nowhere else, I think, have the houses and hearts of the native women been so opened to "Christians" as they have at the Northern Capital. No great function in any of the aristocratic houses is complete if the ladies of the Medical Mission are not present. Speaking the language with perfect fluency, they have succeeded by their good works—and perhaps still more by their good natures—in making themselves most justly and most sincerely beloved. Part at least of the secret of their success has been what is often so wanting, —cheerfulness and love—which constitute, after all, perhaps the most important equipment of real Christianity.

Formerly the mass of the people were satisfied with the healing power of their Shereefs, and with the charms of the "Tholba," or students of religion. They visited certain holy places, mostly tombs, where prayers were offered. Others, still more ignorant, summoned to the bedside of their sick, negro dancers and the devotees of the "Aissaoua" sect, the noise of whose music and chants should have been sufficient to drive away all the djinns of Morocco. At the same time there is a certain knowledge of herbs existing amongst the country people, and many of the remedies to which they have recourse are by no means to be despised. Bone-setting is regularly practised, and well practised, with splints of wood and cane.

The Moors have long been aware of the medicinal value of certain hot springs, which are largely resorted to for the cure of skin diseases and other maladies common to the country. Particularly famous are the hot baths of Mulai Yakoub, not far from Fez, and the benefit derived is unquestionable. I have known natives, scarcely able to ride to the spot and covered with sores, who after a sojourn of from twenty to thirty days at this spot have returned healed.

Apart from the vendors of strange medicines who can be seen in any of the Moroccan markets, with their stock-in-trade set out before them—hideous dried animals and the skins of moth-eaten birds predominating—there are a certain number of native doctors. The most renowned are Shereefs from Dades, an oasis situated to the south of the Great Atlas. These men pretend to inspired and hereditary knowledge, and there is no doubt that there still exists amongst them some trace of medical learning. They operate for cataract, not by removing the cataract but by dislocating it, by which sight is often restored, but without any certainty that the cure is more than temporary. They are also skilful in removing portions of broken skull. There is no actual trepanning of the bone, but the broken part is removed and replaced, the scalp having been opened and drawn back by a portion of the dried shell of a gourd, which, overlapping the uninjured part of the skull, covers the aperture and protects the brain. The scalp is replaced and sewn up.

Perhaps the most ingenious practice in use amongst the Berbers of the Atlas is the use of the large red ant for closing skin wounds. The art of sewing up wounds is known and practised, but they have no means of disinfecting the material used, and they state that the stitches often either open or form sores. They therefore employ the following method. Holding the two edges of the skin together, so as to leave a little of both edges protruding, they apply a living red ant to the wound. The ant closes his strong mandibles on the skin, and is promptly decapitated with the aid of a pair of scissors. The mandibles remain closed, holding the two edges of skin together. As many as four or five of these "clips" are applied to a wound of a few inches in length. By the time the ant's head falls away the wound has closed. This system is in common use in the Atlas, and the Governor of Marrakesh, Haj Thami Glaoui, told me that he insists on his men using it in preference to sewing, unless the sewing can be performed by a European doctor with disinfected material.

The Sultans Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid both took an interest in medicine and dentistry, and had confidence in their doctors. An English dentist who attended the ladies of the palace in the reign of the former of these two Sultans was only allowed to work on the mouths of the inmates of the imperial harem through a small hole cut in the sheet which entirely enveloped the patient as she sat in the dentist's chair. So successfully, however, did he mend up the teeth of the ladies of the palace that the Viziers followed suit, and the dentist had a busy time. The Minister of Foreign Affairs sent for me one day, and after some general remarks asked me if I knew the dentist. I replied that I did, and that he was an adept at his art. The Vizier con-

tinued that he knew personally very little about dentistry, and would I tell him whether every time his wife sneezed it was necessary to sneeze her new row of upper teeth half across the room. I replied that I doubted whether this was an absolute necessity, but I would ask the dentist. I did so, and the lady's set of teeth was quickly altered to fit her better. "It is wonderful," said the Vizier to me later on: "she sneezes and sneezes, and her teeth never even rattle."

In the days of Mulai Hassen, before the advent of a resident physician to the palace, Kaid Maclean, then a young officer, used to dabble in medicine, and so great was the confidence that he inspired in the Sultan's eyes that even His Majesty allowed himself to be treated. Kaid Maclean's knowledge was limited to the contents of his medicine-chest and a book of explanations. On one occasion the ladies of the palace had been suffering—from indigestion probably—and at the same time some disinfectant was required for some one in the palace who had been injured in an accident. Kaid Maclean sent the two medicines, with instructions how they were to be used, but by some mistake the ladies swallowed the compressed tabloids of permanganate of potass instead of the tonic. The tabloids dissolved inside, but brought on violent attacks of sickness, and to the horror of the Sultan and the ladies themselves, they began to vomit what appeared to be vast quantities of blood. The more sick they were the more terrified they became, and in reply to an anxious message Kaid Maclean hurried to the palace. The Sultan was beside himself with fear, but an explanation was forthcoming and the ladies recovered.

Mulai Abdul Aziz's first experience of the use of chloroform might easily have led to more serious results. Dr Verdon, his English doctor had operated on a slave under chloroform, and the Sultan had been present. The operation over, His Majesty retired into the palace carrying with him a large bottle of the anæsthetic. The doctor tried to obtain possession of the bottle, but in vain; and all he could do was to warn His Majesty to be very careful with it. He no doubt was, for apparently nobody died; but rumour has it that his ladies lay all over the palace as insensible as logs of wood—for he had a grand chloroforming evening all to himself. Mulai Hafid, too, quite appreciated the use of chloroform, and insisted on its being administered to a lion that was suffering from overgrown toe-nails. The lion, whose temper was not of the best, took none too kindly to the whole operation, which was, however, eventually successfully performed, to the satisfaction of his Shereefian Majesty.

To-day the people flock in thousands to the hospitals and dispensaries which the French have opened throughout the length and breadth of their Protectorate. There is yet room for more medical work,

for disease is rife, but what has already been accomplished is admirable. The Moor who would never have thought of accepting the assistance of a doctor in the old days now hurries to the nearest dispensary as soon as he feels ill; and any man who meets with an accident is immediately taken by his fellow-workman to the native hospital. Crowds patiently wait their turns in the gardens and corridors, and the women's days are almost as congested as are those for the men. Whatever may be the people's real sentiments toward Europeans, their confidence in "Christian" doctors is undisputable. Yet the very people who flock for medical aid would probably not acknowledge that any change has taken place in their views. They don't realise that only ten years ago, even if the possibilities had existed, they would never have dared to show this outward respect for and belief in the skill of the "infidel." But the change has come gradually, and is unnoticed by those to whom it is owing. The same sequence of mentality is noticeable in many other ways. The "universities" — "Medarsas" — of Fez and Marrakesh, closed for centuries to Europeans, are now open once more to the Christian visitor, who is allowed to enter and admire these gems of Moorish architecture. The religious authorities could no longer insist on their being kept closed when they acknowledged that a few centuries ago Christian scholars were actually being educated in their precincts, so after a little hesitation they decided to permit the "Medarsas" being visited. The authorities of the Department des Beaux Arts immediately set about the restoration of these architectural masterpieces. At first the students were shocked at the presence of the "Christian," and on one of my visits to the beautiful "Medarsa" of Ben Yussef at Marrakesh, they complained rather bitterly that the French architects were restoring the old work and taking liberties with the structure. They would rather, they said, have it left alone in its ruined condition than have it tampered with by "unbelievers."

A year later I returned to the "Medarsa." The same, or many of the same, scholars were there. The Department des Beaux Arts had completely restored one side of the great courtyard, but were waiting for further funds before beginning the rest. Again the scholars complained, but their complaint was a different one —the French architects had abandoned their work. What right had they to leave it unfinished? Would I use my influence to see that the restorations were continued and completed? I reminded them of their complaint of only a year ago, and of their objection to the work being undertaken at all. They laughed and replied, "Well, you see, yesterday was yesterday, and to-day is to-day."